

SALMAGUNDI;
OR, THE
WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS
OF
LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.
AND OTHERS.

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez.

Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,

Fee, faw, fum.

Psalmazar.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted,

And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,

We treat the town.

NO. XII.] *Saturday, June 27, 1807.* [NO. II. OF VOL. II.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

“Tandem vincitur.”

TANDEM conquers! LINK. FID.

Some men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip;—others are charmed with the beauties of the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly, and a man of the ton will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character—to me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a Daffodil or Narcissus, and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature, than in kidnapping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an *Emperor of Morocco* himself.

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste, for perhaps there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomist of human character, than my cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling-hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence and good fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of friends and guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them, and they all uniformly pronounce Old Cockloft to be one of the finest old fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honour to Mrs. Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modelled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabulus and Mrs. Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me, for being considered a privileged person in the family; I can sit in a corner indulge in my favourite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house, for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew, and his first care, on making a new

acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was TOM STRADDLE, to whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather as the most learned english would call it, *Brumma-gem*, so famous for its manufactories of gimblets, pen-knives and pepper-boxes, and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham, sometimes had the honour to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whiskey, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates (if you would take his word for it) in boxing, beer drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a Catch-club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connoisseur in music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a Spouting-club, had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorised to turn up his nose at any

american performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot, and a smack of champagne and burgundy, and he had *heard* a vast deal of the roast-beef of Old England ; he was therefore epicure sufficient to d——n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America, though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke—he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important “*gemmen*” who bounce upon us half beau half button-maker, undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavour to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy ; he anticipated with a proud satisfaction the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion, the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he walked or rode through the streets ; and had little doubt but that he should occasion as much curiosity as an indian-chief or a turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that

would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put good store of beads, spike-nails and looking-glasses in his trunk to win the affections of the fair ones, as they paddled about in their bark canoes—the reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was, that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages, and not exactly understanding the word aborigines, he applied to one of his fellow apprentices, who assured him that it was the latin word for inhabitants. Now Straddle knew that the savages were fond of beads, spike-nails and looking-glasses, and therefore filled his trunk with them.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion—Will swore that the captain of the ship told him that when Straddle heard they were off the banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore, there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond; Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous *quizz* of Will Wizard, who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure, equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true trans-atlantic declination towards his right ear. The fact was, nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to "*astonish the natives a few!*"

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arri-

val, to find the americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined ;—he was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual—no love-letters came pouring in upon him ; no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him ; his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculously with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of *astonishing* and *captivating*. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur and boxer ; he condemned our whole dramatic corps, and every thing appertaining to the theatre ; but his critical abilities were ridiculed—he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterwards ;—he scoured the streets at night, and was cudgelled by a sturdy watchman ;—he hoaxed an honest mechanic, and was soundly kicked : Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the *Giblets*—he determined to take the town by storm. He accordingly bought horses and equipages, and forthwith made a furious dash at *style* in a *gig and tandem*.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignments, which was indeed the case, for to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagem suffered*. But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit, and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of *style*, with-

out some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig, I saw him, "in my mind's eye" driving tandem on a nest of tea-boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who be-straddles the world in the front of Hutchin's Almanack.

Straddle was equally successful with the *Giblets*, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in *Gotham*, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognized, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance every where. Mounted in his curricule or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated on a high pedestal, his merits are discernable from afar, and strike the dullest optics.—Oh! *Gotham*, *Gotham*! most enlightened of cities!--how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of *ton*, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before, was now declared to be the *style*. He criticised our theatre, and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He

abused our dinners ; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste, for he put his malediction on every thing ; and his arguments were conclusive, for he supported every assertion *with a bet*. He was likewise pronounced by the learned in the fashionable world, a young man of great research and deep observation ; for he had sent home as natural curiosities, an ear of indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum, and a four leaved clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a *cataract*, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle, and his equipage, and Straddle talked to his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce, whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlours and drawing rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a bar maid ; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New-York and Haerlem, and no one stood a chance of being accommodated, until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He d——d the landlords and waiters, with the best air in the world, and accosted them with true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and staid long enough to be *bored* to death, and to *bore* all those

who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotillon, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming amongst them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his *retainers* were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricule, or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between *wrought scissors*, and those of *cast-steel*; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horse flesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an *englishman*, and their wives treated him with great deference, because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvellous great sharpener of mens wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion, was checked by some of those stumbling-blocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors—or duns—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, “are hated by gods and men.” Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had

given them more *custom*, and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other persecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one way for it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to *smash* like a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the d——l.

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to *astonish the natives*!—I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character, had he not been a genuine cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real english gentleman, and individuals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of, as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home, to day light and splendour in this good natured land. The true born, and true bred english gentleman, is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil, and hailed each other as brothers. But the *cockney*!—when I contemplate him as springing too from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship, and am tempted to deny my origin. In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true cockney, of english growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakespeare, “*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*”

THE
STRANGER AT HOME ;
OR, A TOUR IN BROADWAY.

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT *the younger.*

..... *Peregre rediit.*

He is returned home from abroad.

DICTIONARY.

PREFACE.

Your learned traveller begins his travels at the commencement of his journey ; others begin theirs at the end ; and a third class begin any how and any where, which I think is the true way. A late facetious writer begins what he calls, " a Picture of New-York," with a particular description of Glen's Falls, from whence with admirable dexterity he makes a digression to the celebrated Mill Rock, on Long-Island ! now this is what I like ; and I intend in my present tour to digress as often and as long as I please. If, therefore, I choose to make a hop, skip, and jump to China, or New-Holland, or Terra Incognita, or Communipaw, I can produce a host of examples to justify me even in books that have been praised by the english reviewers, whose *fiat* being all that is necessary to give books a currency in this country I am determined, as soon as I finish my edition of travels in seventy-five volumes, to transmit it forthwith to them for judgment. If these trans-atlantic censors praise it, I have no fear of its success in this country, where *their* approba-

tion gives, like the tower stamp, a fictitious value, and makes tinsel and wampum pass current for classick gold.

CHAPTER I.

Battery---flag-staff kept by Louis Keaffee---Keaffee maintains two spy-glasses by subscriptions---merchants pay two shillings a-year to look through them at the signal poles on Staten-Island---a very pleasant prospect; but not so pleasant as that from the hill of Howth---quere, ever been there?—Young *seniors* go down to the flag-staff to buy peanuts, and beer after the fatigue of their morning studies, and sometimes to play at ball, or some other innocent amusement—digression to the Olympic, and Isthmian games, with a description of the Isthmus of Corinth, and that of Darien: to conclude with a dissertation on the indian custom of offering a whiff of tobacco smoke to their great spirit Areskou.—Return to the battery—delightful place to indulge in the luxury of sentiment.—How various are the mutations of this world! but a few days, a few hours—at least not above two hundred years ago, and this spot was inhabited by a race of aborigines, who dwelt in bark huts, lived upon oysters, and indian corn, danced buffalo dances, and were lords “of the fowl and the brute”—but the spirit of time, and the spirit of brandy, have swept them from their antient inheritance: and as the white wave of the ocean by its ever toiling assiduity, gains on the brown land, so the white man, by slow and sure degrees has gained on the brown savage, and dispossessed him of the land of his forefathers.—Conjectures on the first peopling of America—different opinions on that subject, to the amount of near one

hundred—opinion of Augustine Torniel—that they are the descendants of Shem and Japheth, who came by the way of Japan to America—Juffridius Petri, says they came from Friezeland—mem. cold journey.—Mons. Charron says they are descended from the gauls—bitter enough—A. Milius from the Celtæ—Kircher from the egyptians—L. Comp-te from the phenicians—Lescarbot from the canaan-ites, alias the anthropophagi—Brerewood from the tartars—Grotius from the norwegians—and Linkum Fidelius, has written two folio volumes to prove that America was first of all peopled either by the antipodeans, or the cornish miners, who he maintains, might easily have made a subterraneous passage to this country, particularly the antipodeans, who, he asserts, can get along under ground, as fast as moles—quere, which of these is in the right, or are they all wrong?—For my part, I dont see why America had not as good a right to be peopled at first, as any little contemptible country of Europe, or Asia; and I am determined to write a book at my first leisure, to prove that Noah was born here—and that so far is America from being indebted to any other country for inhabitants, that they were every one of them peopled by colonies from her!—mem. battery a very pleasant place to walk on a sunday evening—not quite genteel though—every body walks there, and a pleasure, however genuine, is spoiled by general participation—the fashionable ladies of New-York, turn up their noses if you ask them to walk on the battery on sunday—quere, have they scruples of conscience, or scruples of delicacy?—neither—they have only scruples of gentility, which are quite different things.

CHAPTER II.

Custom-house—origin of duties on merchandize this place much frequented by merchants—and why?—different classes of merchants—importers—a kind of nobility—wholesale merchants—have the privilege of going to the city assembly!—Retail traders cannot go to the assembly—Some curious speculations on the vast distinction betwixt selling tape by the piece or by the yard.—Wholesale merchants look down upon the retailers, who in return look down upon the green grocers, who look down upon the market women, who don't care a straw about any of them.—Origin of the distinction of ranks—Dr. Johnson once horribly puzzled to settle the point of precedence between a louse and a flea...good hint enough to humble purse-proud arrogance....Custom house partly used as a lodging house for the pictures belonging to the academy of arts...couldnt afford the statues house room, most of them in the cellar of the City hall...poor place for the gods and goddesses,...after Olympus...Pensive reflections on the ups and downs of life...Apollo, and the rest of the sett, used to cut a great figure in days of yore.—Mem....every dog has his day...sorry for Venus though poor wench to be cooped up in a cellar with not a single grace to wait on her!...Eulogy on the gentlemen of the academy of arts, for the great spirit with which they began the undertaking, and the perseverance with which they have pursued it..It is a pity however, they began at the wrong end...maxim...If you want a bird and a cage, always buy the cage first...hem!...a word to the wise!

CHAPTER III.

Bowling green..fine place for pasturing cows...
a perquisite of the late corporation...formerly ornamented with a statue of George the 3d....people pulled it down in the war to make bullets..great pity, as it might have been given to the academy...it would have become a cellar as well as any other.
...The pedestal still remains, because, there was no use in pulling *that* down, as it would cost the corporation money, and not sell for any thing...mem...a penny saved is a penny got....If the pedestal must remain, I would recommend that a statue of somebody, or something be placed on it, for truly it looks quite melancholy and forlorn....
Broadway...great difference in the gentility of streets...a man who resides in Pearl-street, or Chatham-row, derives no kind of dignity from his domicile, but place him in a certain part of Broadway...any where between the battery and Wall-street, and he straightway becomes entitled to figure in the beau-monde, and strut as a person of prodigious consequence !...Quere, whether there is a degree of purity in the air of that quarter which changes the gross particles of vulgarity, into gems of refinement and polish?...A question to be asked, but not to be answered....New brick church !. .what a pity it is the corporation of Trinity church are so poor !...if they could not afford to build a better place of worship, why did they not go about with a subscription?...even I would have given them a few shillings rather than our city should have been disgraced by such a pitiful specimen of economy ...Wall-street....City-hall, famous place for catch-poles, deputy sheriffs, and young lawyers, which last attend the courts, not because they have busi-

ness there, but because they have no business any where else. My blood always curdles when I see a catchpole, they being a species of vermin, who feed and fatten on the common wretchedness of mankind, who trade in misery, and in becoming the executioners of the law, by their oppression and villainy, almost counterbalance all the benefits which are derived from its salutary regulations... Story of Quevedo, about a catchpole possessed by a devil, who in being interrogated, declared that he did not come there voluntarily, but by compulsion, and that a decent devil would never of his own free will enter into the body of a catchpole...instead therefore of doing him the injustice to say that here was a catchpole be-devilled, they should say it was a devil be-catchpoled...that being in reality the truth...Wonder what has become of the old crier of the court, who used to make more noise in preserving silence than the audience did in breaking it...If a man happened to drop his cane, the old hero would sing out silence! in a voice that emulated the "wide mouthed thunder"....On inquiring, found he had retired from business to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, as many a great man had done before....Strange that wise men, as they are thought, should toil through a whole existence merely to enjoy a few moments of leisure at last!...why don't they begin to be easy at first, and not purchase a moments pleasure with an age of pain?...mem...posed some of the jockeys ...eh!

CHAP. IV.

Barber's Pole—three different orders of *shavers* in New-York—those who shave *pigs*. N. B.—

Freshmen and Sophomores—those who cut beards, and those who *shave notes of hand*—the last are the most respectable, because in the course of a year, they make more money and that *honestly*, than the whole corps of other *shavers*, can do in half a century—besides, it would puzzle a common barber to ruin any man, except by cutting his throat; whereas, your higher order of *shavers*, your true blood suckers of the community, seated snugly behind the curtain in watch for prey, live on the vitals of the unfortunate, and grow rich on the ruin of thousands.—Yet this last class of *barbers* are held in high respect in the world—they never offend against the decencies of life, go often to church, look down on honest poverty walking on foot, and call themselves gentlemen—yea, men of honour! —Lottery offices—another set of Capital Shavers! licensed gambling houses good things enough though, as they enable a few *honest industrious gentlemen* to humbug the people—according to law—besides, if the people will be such fools, whose fault is it but their own if they get *bit*?—Messrs. Paff...beg pardon for putting them in such bad company, because they are a couple of fine fellows—mem.—to recommend Michael's antique snuff box to all amateurs *in the art*.—Eagle singing Yankey-doodle—N. B.—Buffon, Pennant, and the rest of the naturalists all *naturals*, not to know the eagle was a singing bird—Linkum Fidelius knew better, and gives a long description of a bald eagle that serenaded him once in Canada—digression—particular account of the canadian indians—story about Areskou learning to make fishing nets of a spider—don't believe it though, because, according to Linkum, and many other learned authorities, A-

reskou is the same as *Mars*, being derived from his greek name of *Ares*, and if so he knew well enough what a *net* was without consulting a spider—story of *Arachne* being changed into a spider, as a reward for having hanged herself—derivation of the word *spinster* from spider—Colophon, now *Altobosco*, the birth place of *Arachne*, remarkable for a famous breed of spiders to this day—mem.—nothing like a little scholarship—make the *ignoramus* viz. the majority of my readers, stare like wild pigeons—return to New-York by a short cut—meet a dashing belle, in a thick white veil—tried to get a peep at her face...saw she squinted a little...thought so at first...never saw a face covered with a veil that was worth looking at...saw some ladies holding a conversation a cross the street about going to church next Sunday...talked so loud they frightened a cartman's horse, who ran away, and over set a basket of gingerbread with a little boy under it...mem. I dont much see the use of speaking trumpets now-a-days.

CHAP. V.

Bought a pair of gloves—dry-good stores the genuine schools of politeness—true parisian manners there—got a pair of gloves and a pistareen's worth of bows for a dollar—dog cheap!—Courtlandt-street corner—famous place to see the belles go by—quere, ever been shopping with a lady?—some account of it—ladies go in to all the shops in the city to buy a pair of gloves—good way of spending time, if they have nothing else to do.—Oswego-Market—looks very much like a triumphal arch—some account of the manner of erect-

ing them in ancient times---digression to the arch-
 duke Charles, and some account of the ancient
 Germans.---N B. quote Tacitus on this subject.---
 Particular description of market-baskets, butchers'
 blocks and wheelbarrows---mem. queer things run
 upon one wheel!--Saw a cartman driving full-tilt
 through Broadway---run over a child---good enough
 for it---what business had it to be in the way?---
 Hint concerning the laws against pigs, goats, dogs
 and cartmen---grand apostrophe to the sublime
 science of jurisprudence--comparison between le-
 gislators and tinkers---quere, whether it requires
 greater ability to mend a law than to mend a ket-
 tle!--inquiry into the utility of making laws that
 are broken a hundred times in a day with impunity
 --my lord Coke's opinion on the subject--my lord
 a very great man---so was lord Bacon---good story
 about a criminal named Hog claiming relationship
 with him.---Hogg's porter-house---great haunt of
 Will Wizard---Will put down there one night by
 a sea captain, in an argument concerning the aera
 of the Chinese empire, Whang-po;---Hogg's a
 capital place for hearing the same stories, the same
 jokes and the same songs every night in the year
 --mem. except Sunday nights---fine school for
 young politicians too---some of the longest and
 thickest heads in the city come there to settle the
 nation.---Scheme of *Ichabod Fungus* to restore the
 balance of Europe---digression---some account of
 the balance of Europe---comparison between it, and
 a pair of scales, with the emperor Alexander in
 one and the emperor Napoleon in the other---fine
 fellows--both of a weight, can't tell which will kick
 the beam...mem. dont care much either...nothing

to me...*Ichabod* very unhappy about it...thinks Napoleon has an eye on this country...capital place to pasture his horses, and provide for the rest of his family....Dey-street...ancient dutch name of it, signifying murderers'-valley---formerly the site of a great peach orchard...my grandmother's history of the famous *Peach war*...arose from an indian stealing peaches out of this orchard...good cause as need be for a war...just as good as the balance of power...Anecdote of a war between two italian states about a bucket...introduce some capital new *truisms* about the folly of mankind, the ambition of kings, potentates and princes, particularly Alexander, Caesar, Charles the XIIth, Napoleon, little king Pepin and the great Charlemagne....Conclude with an exhortation to the present race of sovereigns to keep the king's peace, and abstain from all those deadly quarrels which produce battle, murder and sudden death... Mem. ran my nose against lamp-post...conclude in great dudgeon.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR.

Our cousin Pindar after having been confined for some time past with a fit of the gout, which is a kind of keep-sake in our family, has again set his mill going, as my readers will perceive. On reading his piece I could not help smiling at the high compliments which, contrary to his usual style, he has lavished on the dear sex. The old gentleman unfortunately observing my merriment, stumped out of the room with great vociferation of crutch, and has not exchanged three words with me since. I expect every hour to hear that he has packed up his moveables, and, as usual in all cases of disgust, retreated to his old-country house.

Pindar, like most of the old Cockloft heroes, is wonderfully susceptible to the genial influence of warm weather. In winter he is one of the most crusty old bachelors under heaven, and is *wickedly* addicted to sarcastic reflections of every kind, particularly on the little enchanting foibles, and whims of women. But when the spring comes on, and the mild influence of the sun releases nature from her icy fetters, the ice of his bosom dissolves into a gentle current, which reflects the bewitching qualities of the fair, as, in some mild clear evening when nature reposes in silence, the stream bears in its pure bosom, all the starry magnificence of heaven. It is under the controul of this influence he has written his piece, and I beg the ladies in the plenitude of their harmless conceit not to flatter

themselves, that because the good Pindar has suffered them to escape his censures, he had nothing more to censure. It is but sunshine and zephyrs, which have wrought this wonderful change, and I am much mistaken, if the first North-easter don't convert all his good nature into most exquisite spleen.

FROM THE MILL OF

PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How often I cast my reflections behind,
 And call up the days of past youth to my mind !
 When folly assails in habiliaments new,
 When fashion obtrudes some fresh whim-wham to view
 When the foplings of fashion bedazzle my sight,
 Bewilder my feelings—my senses benight ;
 I retreat in disgust from the world of the day,
 To commune with the world that has mouldered away
 To converse with the shades of those friends of my love
 Long gathered in peace to the angels above.

In my rambles thro' life should I meet with annoy;
 From the bold beardless stripling—the turbid pert boy

One reared in the mode lately reckoned *genteel*,
Which neglecting the head, aims to perfect the heel,
Which completes the sweet fopling while yet in his teens,
And fits him for fashion's light changeable scenes ;
Proclaims him *a man* to the near and the far,
Can he dance a cotillion or smoke a cygarr.
And tho' brainless and vapid as vapid can be,
To routs and to parties pronounces him free ;—
Oh, I think on the beaux that existed of yore,
On those rules of the ton that exist now no more !

I recal with delight how each yonker at first
In the cradle of science and virtue was nursed ;
—How the graces of person and graces of mind,
The polish of learning and fashion combined,
Till soft'ned in manners and strength'ned in head,
By the classical lore of the living and dead,
Matured in person till manly in size,
He then was presented a beau to our eyes !

My nieces of late have made frequent complaint
That they suffer vexation and painful constraint,
By having their circles too often distressed
By some three or four goslings just fledg'd in the nest,
Who propp'd by the credit their fathers sustain,
Alike tender in years, and in person and brain,
But plenteously stock'd with that substitute *brass*,
For true wits and critics would anxiously pass.
They complain of that empty sarcastical slang,
So common to all the coxcombical gang,
Who the fair with their shallow experience vex,
By thrumming forever their *weakness of sex* ;
And who boast of *themselves*, when they talk with proud air
Of MAN's mental ascendancy over the fair.

Twas thus the young owlet, produced in the nest,
 Where the eagle of Jove her young eaglets had prest
 Pretended to boast of his royal descent,
 And vaunted that force which to eagles is lent;
 Tho' fated to shun with his dim visual ray,
 The cheering delights, and the brilliance of day;
 To forsake the fair regions of æther and light,
 For dull moping caverns of darkness and night:
 Still talked of that eagle like strength of the eye,
 Which approaches unwinking the pride of the sky;
 Of that wing which unwearied can hover and play
 In the noon-tide effulgence and torrent of day.

Dear girls, the sad evils of which ye complain,
 Your sex *must* endure from the feeble and vain.
 Tis the common place jest of the nursery scape-goat,
 Tis the common place ballad that croaks from his throat
 He knows not that nature—that polish decrees,
 That women should always endeavour to please:
 That the law of their system has early imprest
 The importance of fitting themselves to each guest;
 And, of course, that full oft, when ye trifle and play,
 'Tis to gratify triflers who strut in your way.
 The child might as well of its mother complain,
 As wanting true wisdom and soundness of brain.
 Because that, at times, while it hangs on her breast,
 She with “lulla-by-baby” beguiles it to rest.
 Tis its weaknes of mind that induces the strain,
 For wisdom to *infants* is prattled in vain.

Tis true at odd times, when in frolicksome fit,
 In the midst of his gambols, the mischievous wit
 May start some light foible that clings to the fair,
 Like cobwebs that fasten to objects most rare—
 In the play of his fancy will sportively say
 Some delicate censure that pops in his way.

He may smile at your fashions, and frankly express
His dislike of a dance, or a flaming red dress ;
Yet he blames not your want of man's physical force,
Nor complains though ye cannot in latin discourse.
He delights in the language of nature ye speak
Tho' not so refined as true classical greek.
He remembers that providence never designed
Our females like suns to bewilder and blind,
But like the mild star of pale evening serene,
Whose radiance illumines, yet softens the scene,
To light us with cheering and welcoming ray,
Along the rude path when the sun is away.
Nor e'er would he wisht nose fair beings to find
In places for *Di majorum gentium* designed ;
But as *Dii penates* performing their part---
Receiving and claiming the vows of the heart---
Recalling affections long given to roam,
To centre at last in the bosom of HOME.

I own in my scribblings I lately have named
Some faults of our fair which I gently have blamed
But be it forever by all understood
My censures were only pronounced for their good.
I delight in the sex, tis the pride of my mind
To consider them gentle, endearing, refin'd,
As our solace below in the journey of life
To smoothe its rough passes---to soften its strife :
As objects intended our joys to supply
And to lead us in love to the temples on high.
How oft have I felt when two lucid blue eyes
As calm and as bright as the gems of the skies,
Have beam'd their soft radiance into my soul,
Impress'd with an awe like an angel's controul !

Yes, fair ones, by this is forever defin'd,
The fop from the man of refinement and mind ;

The latter believes ye in bounty were given
As a bond upon earth of our union with heaven :
And, if ye are weak and are frail in his view,
Tis to call forth fresh warmth, and his fondness renew
Tis his joy to support these defects of your frame,
And his love at your weakness redoubles its flame,
He rejoices the gem is so rich and so fair,
And is proud that it claims his protection and care.



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